

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL, SC.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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SPARE THE BIRDS.

WE hope that no reader, boy or girl, will fail to read Miss Young's interesting article, "Such a Pity," on page 150. In our last number, we called attention to a new Temperance movement which is attracting attention in many of our Sunday-schools. Perhaps the "True Helpers" will undertake the added task of defending the poor birds from the intemperate attacks of cruel or thoughtless sportsmen. If not, then let our schools organize special Bands of Mercy to be devoted to this most humane and urgent work. No labors could be carried on by Sunday-school scholars that would be more in the spirit of Jesus. How full of beauty is that Parable of the Birds in the Sermon on the Mount!

"Behold," said Jesus, "the birds of the heaven, that they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; and your Heavenly Father feedeth them." Perhaps at the very moment a flock of birds was flying over the multitude that listened to the Mountain Instruction of the Great Teacher. Some of the more devout among those "listening thousands" may have thought of what their own poets had said of old, — that God "provideth for the ravens their food" and "giveth to the young ravens which cry." (Psalms cxlvii. 9; Job xxxviii. 41.) But Jesus taught them more than this. These happy birds, so free from care, are fed by that Infinite Being whom His human creatures call their Father. He gives food to the merry songsters, who have no instincts that lead them to sow and to reap and to compel the forces of Nature to work in their behalf.

Every true disciple of Jesus will have a tender regard for all God's creatures. He will feel that the birds share with us the same fatherly providence; and that "they have their mansions in the Father's house as we have ours: but the house is one, and the Master and Keeper is one for us and them."

IN the present righteous crusade against the heartless "slaughter of the innocents," the girls have an even more important part to play than the boys. The extensive and indiscriminate slaying of birds, which all humane persons so deeply deplore, has been prompted chiefly by the wish to earn money in supplying milliners with wings and feathers. The fashion of wearing such ornaments is vulgar in itself, and savors of the barbarity of the decorations of savages. A plain girl looks no better for putting a dead bird on her bonnet, while a pretty girl has no need of such an adornment. Let this common-sense reason for giving up the "winged hat" strengthen the argument, which rests on sympathy with the birds themselves, — our poor, but beautiful relations!



A TURKISH GIRL.

How demurely she stands there, holding her pet doves in her hands, and looking straight before her out of her bright black eyes! The picture, all in black and white, would give you an idea that she was demurely dressed as well, but that cannot be so. If you were to see her really, you would understand how she and all her people love bright colors. Let me tell you how she is probably dressed. Her jacket of purple velvet, or satin, is lined with green, and confined at the waist by a bright cashmere shawl. Her trousers are blue chintz, and fall in full plaits over her naked feet, the toes of which are scarcely covered by the yellow slippers which she only puts on when she walks about. The flowing robe worn outside, which is long enough to trail behind, is generally caught up and tucked into the

shawl, that serves as a belt. Then her cap is of some bright color, set with gems, — pearls, sapphires, and topazes; and her slippers, too, sparkle as she walks.

"What does she do?" She does not go to school as you do. She does not have to study at all. She plays with her doves; she spends some hours every day in the bath, and possibly more in dressing, after it; she learns to embroider the bright handkerchiefs that she sometimes wears on her head; and she sleeps away a good deal of time, curled up among the luxurious cushions that lie about the divans, or sofas, of her home. Sometimes she is taught to play on musical instruments that would look strange to you; or she sings or dances. When she goes out, she is covered by a long garment that comes to her feet; and she wears a long, white muslin veil that is wound about her, covering her face all but the eyes, so that if you met her in the street, you would not know her; and she can never go alone; there must always be servants to take care of her. I think it must be better to be an American girl, and go to school, and not have to wear such a veil on the street, nor slippers that drop off with every step. Don't you? But if she could speak, perhaps she would say, "How can you wear those stiff black boots on your feet? Don't they hurt you? I like my slippers very much better."

THE HALO.

BY WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

THINK what a price to pay,
Faces so bright and gay,
Just for a hat!
Flowers unvisited, mornings unsung,
Sea ranges bare of the wings that o'erswung,
Bared just for that!

Think of the others, too, —
Others and mothers, too, —
Bright eyes in hat!
Hear you no mother-groan floating in air?
Hear you no little moan — birdling's despair —
Somewhere, for that?

Caught 'mid some mother-work;
Torn by a hunter Turk,
Just for your hat.
Plenty of mother-heart yet in the world:
All the more wings to tear, carefully twirled, —
Women want that!

Oh, but the shame of it!
Oh, but the blame of it!
Price of a hat!
Just for a jauntiness brightening the street,
This is your halo, O faces so sweet,
Death — and for what?

A TALK ABOUT THE STARS.

BY M. E. W.

PAPA, is 'Rion up?" asks dear little two-years-and-a-half old Sophie, as her father came into the house, muffled to the ears, just before tea.

"It is too cold to mind much about Orion to-night," says papa, taking his baby in his arms.

"He is up, Sophie; I just now saw him!" exclaims her brother Harvey, a bright boy of nine years, setting down, as he spoke, a basket of kindlings he had been splitting. "His belt is awfully bright to-night, and he's got his big dog with him too!"

"Oh, yes, Sirius!" puts in Elsie, two years younger than Harvey, "the brightest star of all, and it's right in his nose."

Here Vida, a red-cheeked child of four, runs eagerly up to her Aunt Lizzie, and with rapid utterance and in a high key exclaims, —

"Oh, Aunt Lizzie! won't you get out that big round thing after tea that tells all about the stars up in the sky, and show it to us children? Do, Auntie Lizzie!" And she climbs up in her aunt's lap and gives her a tight hug. Who could resist so sweet an appeal?

So when the table is cleared, the children draw up their chairs to enjoy a little season with the Planisphere, for that is the name of "the big round thing that tells all about the stars." It is made of pasteboard, about sixteen inches in diameter, and is covered with colored pictures of men, animals, and a variety of objects such as people long, long ago fancied the constellations, or different groups of stars, to look like. Some of these groups must have been named longer ago than history can tell us anything about, because they are spoken of in one of the very oldest books of the Bible. "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?" Indeed, the very one that baby Sophie asked her papa about is mentioned, you see.

"Let's set the planisphere now, Aunt Lizzie, and find Orion," says Harvey. "Let me see," glancing at the calendar on the wall, "this is January 20. What time is it, Elsie?"

"Half-past six."

So Harvey turns round a movable horizon marked for every hour and minute in the year, until he adjusts the time on the inner circle to the month and day on the outer circle. Now the constellations are seen on the planisphere just as they are in the heavens.

"Where is the big fellow, any way?" asks Harvey.

"Yight here," says Sophie, who has climbed up on to the table, and has her aunt's large magnifying glass in her hand.

"But, Aunt Lizzie, you can't *really* see any man up in the sky," remarks Elsie.

"No, of course not; just a bright star in each of his shoulders, in one foot and a knee, then three large ones near together in his belt, and three smaller ones in his sword."

"See that big club he has got!" says Harvey. "He is going to hit the Bull right before him in the head with it, if he gets a chance. That big star right in his eye will go all to smash if he does."

"Isn't that the pretty red star you showed us, Aunt Lizzie?"

"Yes, Elsie, can you remember its name? that long one, you know?"

"Aldebaran. You had us write it on our slates, so I guess I shall remember it."

"Speaking of that dangerous club Orion holds

up in the air," says her aunt, "he never yet has managed to bring it down. The stars go trooping through the sky from east to west night after night, — and in the daytime too, for that matter, only the sun is so brilliant we can't see them, — year in and year out, and never get any nearer to each other, nor any farther apart; and this is the reason they are called *fixed* stars. A few of the stars, you remember I told you, are *wanderers*, and they are called *planets*. Really, it is our earth that does the moving, and the stars only *seem* to move, just as it is with the sun; but we *say* they rise and set because it seems so to us. What a pretty little cluster of stars that is in the neck of the Bull! Do you see it, Harvey?"

"Yes, it looks like a capital Y."

Elsie looks through the glass and counts six stars about the same size. "How nice this glass is! It would be hard to count them all without it. I can read the name too. P, l, e, i, a, d, e, s. How do you pronounce it, Aunt Lizzie?"

"Plē-ya-dēz. If you think *this* glass is nice, how would you like to look at them through a *telescope*? not on the planisphere, but at the real stars up in the heavens, as I did once?"

"A telescope is a very powerful glass that seems to bring the heavenly bodies very near. The one I used was a small one such as could be easily handled and adjusted in the window. The view through it was splendid. Each star in this little group looked as large and brilliant as Sirius does now. They seemed very far apart, and the wide spaces between were filled with countless stars of different sizes that we never see at all with the naked eye."

"Oh, how funny! *Why* can't we see them?" asks Vida.

"Why, because they are so far, far off."

"How far off are they, do you suppose, Aunt Lizzie?" inquires Harvey.

"No one knows exactly. You said something, Harvey, about a star 'going to smash' if Orion should hit it with his club; now, suppose that something should happen to Sirius to-night, say so that it would be blotted out of the sky. I want to give you an idea of how very far away it is, if I can. It is the rays of light coming from the star that make us see it, isn't it?"

"Yes, of course; just like the rays from the lamp," says Harvey.

"Well, suppose a ray of light starts from Sirius this minute, and then right away the star is blotted out. You, Harvey, might go to school this year, and next, and several years longer; then to college four years; then study to be a lawyer, or a doctor, perhaps; after that have a nice little home of your own, and a wife to take care of it, — and children, perhaps. You would have time, I say, to do all this and grow to be as old as papa is now; and some evening, possibly, when you were learning about the stars just as we are, Harvey the papa might go to the window to show his children Sirius, the beautiful dog-star, and find for the first time that it was *gone*. It would take all these years, thirty at least, for the ray of light that leaves the star just before it is blotted out to get to us; and all the time it was coming, we should continue to see the star all the same as if it were in the sky."

"I hope there *won't* anything happen to it," exclaims Harvey in an earnest tone. "Can't we go out in the yard and look at the constellations you have been telling us about, Aunt Lizzie?"

"If mamma is willing," his aunt replies.

"If you will wrap up very warm you may go for a few minutes," says mamma.

"What is this funny-looking thing with its head hanging down?" asks Elsie, who is gazing very intently at the planisphere. "It looks something like a goose."

"It is a swan, Elsie, don't you see?"

"Can't we look for that when we go out, Aunt Lizzie?"

"Yes, dear, only don't expect to see a *swan*; but the constellation is something just as beautiful. Do you see a large star in each wing, two on the back and one in the head? Well, these five form a lovely great cross that you can see just as plainly as you can this gold one that I am wearing, after you once learn where to look for it. And not far away is the Crown, another of the constellations, with its brightest jewel right in the centre."

Here mamma interrupts, saying, "Run out now, children, if you are going, and don't stay long, for it is pretty cold."

So the three children and their aunt go out on to the terrace, and find Sirius and Orion, Aldebaran and the Pleiades. Aunt Lizzie helps them trace out the Cross low down in the north-west, and the Crown, the big dipper in the Bear, and the North star in the end of the tail of the Little Bear, or handle of the little dipper, as it is also called. Just as they start to go into the house, a meteor shoots across the sky, leaving a bright train of light.

"Look! Look, Aunt Lizzie! See that beautiful star falling! and there is another! Perhaps some more are coming down."

"Those are not real stars, Vida dear; only 'star-dust,' as somebody calls it. Early one evening not long ago, I counted *thirty-five* shooting stars in about ten minutes. A shower of *meteors* it is called."

"I'm going to watch for one some evening," says Elsie.

The children's eyes gleam almost like the stars as they return to the warm, cozy sitting-room again, where their mother and little sister are waiting for them.

"Now, children," says mamma, "you have been having a nice time and it is getting late; come and get warm and be ready for bed."

"It's just jolly out, hardly a bit cold!" they all chime in.

Notwithstanding, they are all glad to gather round the fire. Vida climbs up in mamma's lap, and little Sophie in her aunt's. Not long after, all the dear children are tucked safely away in their nice, warm nests for the night, to be watched over like the stars, by One who "neither slumbers nor sleeps."

Weeks pass away. Spring comes; and Aunt Lizzie leaves the happy home in Iowa to go far away to Massachusetts. The scene for her is entirely changed; the fields, the streets, and the houses are all different. One thing, however, remains the same. Can any one guess what? The stars!

ALL his life long Christ was the light of the world, but the very noontide hour of his glory was that hour when the shadow of eclipse lay over all the land, and he hung on the Cross dying in the dark. At his eventide "it was light," and "he endured the Cross, despising the shame;" and, lo, the shame flashed up into the very brightness of glory, and the very ignominy and the suffering were the jewels of his crown!

NIGHT brings out stars, as sorrow shows us truths.

HARRY'S TEAM.

BY MRS. LOUISA T. CRAIGIN.

If I gave you as many guesses as belong to the game of "Clumps," and that's twenty, I don't believe you would guess what Harry's team really was, though it had four legs, a head and a tail, which might mean a horse; could pull its head in like a snail, and carry a house on its back like an elephant, and yet it was neither horse, snail, nor elephant. It could live in the water as well as on land; and could have drawn a floating car, of the right size, quite as well as a dolphin. It was more convenient to have him travel on land, however, so Harry made a cunning little cart out of a small cedar box, a cigar-box I think, with spool wheels and a harness especially adapted to his steed. This was for ordinary teaming, carting Steady's provisions from the pantry to his stall. For lightning express, or for passengers, instead of the cart, there was an oval tin box painted red and blue, that went on across the back like a saddle, or more like the funny little cubby-houses, in pictures, that the natives of Hindostan use when they ride on their elephants. The great difference was in the size, and the way it was fastened on. The tin cubby-house was held fast by little wires run through each side of Steady's backbone, which I ought to have told you he wore outside like an overcoat; it didn't trouble him in the least to have holes bored in the thin edges.

In this funny tin carriage Harry would take Fanny's little dolls to ride, and old Steady carried them safe and sound. He was never known to run away. He had a stable made out of a soap-box by master Harry, who is an ingenious little fellow. The way Steady would rush to that stable about dinner-time was very funny.

He liked crackers very well, but was more fond of flies, and would lazily snap away at them when they flew over his nose. If he thought Harry would drop one in, he opened his queer mouth as wide as he could.

He had a tin tub filled with water that he could slip into whenever he wanted to swim. There was a big stone in the middle of the tub for him to climb up on to, if he wanted to bask in the sun. He liked to clump back and forth over the long piazza, though sometimes his little feet got stuck in the cracks. He had a very odd way of coming down stairs. He would creep to the edge, then draw in his head, legs, and tail, and tumble over like a stone: then he walked to the edge of the next stair and did the same thing again for every stair.

Perhaps he injured his constitution doing this too much, or else he missed his mud baths, which in Africa, you know, are considered medicinal; or maybe stage-coach riding and travel generally disagreed with him, for he only lived twenty-four hours after his arrival in Boston. He was not used to sea air, for his native place was in a hollow on the side of a mountain two or three thousand feet above the sea. There was great lamentation over his dead body when we found him cold and stiff in the basin one morning. He was buried with due honors under the grape-vine.

I forgot to tell you that Steady was a big mud-turtle, of singularly fine proportions. His eyes were black, very bright and shiny: there were delicate yellow lines on his face and bright red spots on his tail and feet: his upper shell was dark brown, and the lower shell a reddish yellow.

The pretty pond where he used to live was full of great white water-lilies and tiny water spiders that swim so fast that I never heard of any one who could catch them, except a turtle. I think *he* does it by waiting for them to swim into his open mouth as he lies hidden behind a log, or under a big lily-pad. I am sure he never caught one by running after it.

I wish I had old Steady's picture, but I forgot to have it taken until it was too late, and I can't draw one mite. Harry says the portrait I tried to make of him looks like a footstool.

SOME DOGS AND CATS.

BY MRS. MARY JOHNSON.

A SKYE terrier used to obtain admittance for a kitten in a way of his own. They were together most of the time, and on very friendly terms.

One day, when they were in the garden, kitty wanted to go into the house. She found the door shut, and she mewed under the kitchen-window. No one happened to hear. Her shaggy little friend took her up in his mouth, held her before the window in plain sight, and gently shook her, to draw the attention of the servants. Kitty was let in; and ever afterwards he would ask for her in this way.

Flora, the spaniel, and Muff, the cat, were one day left alone in the dining-room. Their owner had been dining alone, and had left the table in haste to see some one who had called on important business.

When he returned to finish his dinner, he found Flora lying on the table, at full length, beside a leg of roast mutton. She did not move when she saw him, nor did she show any sign of shame or fear. The mutton and vegetables were just as he left them; nothing had been touched.

He was quite sure Flora had good reason for being where she was, and presently found puss hiding in a corner, looking as frightened and ashamed as a cat could look. She had tried to get the meat, and had been driven away by the faithful dog.

Another dog rescued a poor cat from some cruel boys who were tormenting her in the street. They had thrown stones at her, and had plunged her in a pool of dirty water. People had been passing, but not one had interposed in any way to save her.

The dog came along the street very quietly, till he saw what the boys were doing. He instantly rushed upon them, barking furiously, and drove them all away. Then he took poor puss in his mouth and carried her to his own kennel. He laid her down on the straw, lapped her wet fur with his great tongue, and lay down by her side till she stopped shivering, and seemed to feel better.

As soon as her fur was nicely dried, and she was warm and comfortable, he brought her some of the food that had been given him. The family noticed what was going on, and gave puss some warm milk. The poor cat was glad enough to get it. She was allowed to stay, was soon quite well, and very grateful for the kindness which was so new to her. Her hardships were all past, for she had now a good home; and she and the dog lived together for years, as the best of friends.

With puss, as often in human lives, it was "darkest just before day."

History and Biography.

A TRUE LOVER OF NATURE.

BY J. E. Y.

ON the north side of Walden Pond, almost hidden among the tall pines, is a pile of stones which, by its careless construction, would not attract the attention of the most careful observer. These stones were thrown together to mark the site of the hut of the hermit of Concord, Henry D. Thoreau, an eccentric man, whose great love of nature, and desire to devote himself to simple, economical living and study, led him to leave his quiet home for a solitary retreat in the woods.

He was born in Concord, in July, 1817. As a boy, he was quiet and thoughtful, having a dreamy face, which lighted up when he was addressed, or when he watched the sports of his school-mates, in which he never shared. He loved to wander in the woods alone, and would spend hours looking for rare flowers, or lying on his back watching a bird or squirrel, so still that the animal he was watching would come up to him from curiosity. He was never known to use a gun or trap. He said a *spy-glass was better to bring a bird to him than a gun!*

In 1837 he graduated from Harvard College with a fine rank; but having no desire for a profession, he went to work for his father, who was a manufacturer of lead pencils. For eight years he worked diligently at this trade, believing he could make a better pencil than those in use. At last he did so, after which he would make no more.

Now began his hermit life. Leaving his home and the work-bench, he built himself a hut on the shore of Walden Pond, making it all himself (except for a little help in putting up the frame), constructing it of the wood that grew there, and a few boards which he took from a deserted shanty near by. Putting into this hut such furniture as was necessary (a bed, table, and chair), he moved into it in July, 1845, and reducing his wants to the very necessities of life, he lived for eight months on the small sum of \$8.76.

Here he spent his time, writing, reading, and wandering in the woods. To supply himself with food he raised a crop of beans. He became a great walker, as he said it was cheaper and quicker to walk than to spend the time to earn money to ride. In this way he travelled over a good deal of New England. He was a fine swimmer, a good boatman, could bear the extremes of weather, and go without food or water longer than an Indian. He once slept in a barrel in the snow to see how warm it was.

So the strange man lived, secluding himself from society, although at times he would come into the village to lecture. Though shy of strangers, he was fond of children, and loved to take them on his rambles, and show them many curious things. His hermit life was a short one, but in that time he did the best work of his life; for the books he wrote while in Walden woods are now read with interest by the adventure-loving boy.

As abruptly as he took to a hermit life, so he left it; and in the spring of 1848 he was again living in the village, where he died in May, 1862. He never lost, however, his love of nature, or was anything but the pure and gentle soul he had been when a boy.

PREFER truth before the maintaining of an opinion.

Our Letter-Box.

ON reading the story of "Mamie's Dolly," which is printed on this page, we were so forcibly reminded of an old Italian folk-story we once read that we looked it up to give it here to our readers. A "folk-story" is one which has been told from earliest times, long before books and printing were known, and has been handed down by word of mouth, from parent to child, generation after generation. By-and-by, some one comes who is interested enough in such old stories to collect them in a book. It was in such a book we found this one. Think! for hundreds of years this story has been told to Italian children, as it is to-day. Sometimes in telling it, the relater gives the Prince a name; and in Florence, where Dante, the greatest Italian poet, was born, they sometimes tell the story of him, because, by the common people he is thought to have been a very strange man; but it could not be that Dante was really the Prince, for the tale was told again and again, long before he was born. It is only a story, told to illustrate the fact that cats will be cats, as little Mamie found out to her sorrow.

THE PRINCE AND HIS CAT.

AN ITALIAN FOLK-STORY.

THERE was once a whimsical Prince who thought he could arrange the world and animals as he pleased, and overcome Nature. He taught his horse to devour flesh, and his dogs to eat grass. He trained an ass to dance and accompany himself by braying. In short, the Prince boasted that by means of Art one could rule Nature. Among other things, he trained a cat to stand on the table and hold a lighted candle while he was eating. No matter what was brought on the table, the cat never moved, but held the candle as if she had been a statue of wood. The Prince showed the cat to his friends and said, boastingly, "Nature is nothing; my art is more powerful, and can do this and other things." His friends often said that everything must be true to its nature,—"Art departs, and Nature prevails." The Prince invited them to make any trial they wished, asserting that the cat would never forget the art he had taught her. One of his friends caught a mouse one day, and wrapped it up in a handkerchief and carried it with him to the Prince's. When the cat heard and saw the mouse she dropped the candle-stick and ran after the mouse. The friend began to laugh, and said to the Prince, who stood with his mouth wide open with amazement, "Dear Prince, I always told you, Art departs, and Nature prevails."

A CHILD'S DESIRE.

BY S. E. H.

"I WANT to give something my own,
To help the right along,
To show that I would truly live,
And shun the thought of wrong."

So thought a little girl, who gave
Her mite in Sunday-school,—
A thoughtful child, who wished to live
By Jesus' Golden Rule.

She tried to see what of her own
She might give through the day;
And if she found the better part,
Let little readers say.

She kept the little baby boy
As happy as could be;
So mamma had an hour to rest
From fretful baby free.

She found the paper papa sought,
And read him all the news,
Until he told her she was just
The fairy he would choose.

She mended little brother's kite,
And helped his top to spin,
Though on her table laid a book
She wanted to begin.

For grandma she was brightest eyes,
And picked up stitches dropped;
And, ere she left her, with a kiss
Her grateful praises stopped.

So through the day she found a chance
To give her own away,—
Her time, her work, her skill, her love,—
And made a happy day.

ENIGMA XVIII.

I AM composed of sixteen letters.
My 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, is a deep place between two mountains.
My 2, 8, 9, 14, is the place where the sun rises.
My 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, is what makes clothes clean.
My 14, 15, 16, is a heavy weight.
My whole is the name of one of the Presidents of the United States.

A. E. F., 11 years old.

CHELSEA, MASS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 17.

Square Word No. 4:

1. Ham.
2. Asa.
3. Man.

DIAMOND WORD PUZZLE.

W
C A P
W A T E R
P E N
R

For Youngest Readers.

MAMIE'S DOLLY.

BY MRS. S. A. DAVENPORT.



MAMIE had a little kitty, of which she was so fond that she scarcely ever let the pretty creature go out of her sight. Kitty was all white, except a black tail, and a little black spot at the throat that Mamie called kitty's "breastpin."

At night kitty, curled up into a little puffy ball, lay at the foot of Mamie's bed. Kitty woke early in the morning and went up to Mamie's face, purring very loudly, and rubbing her soft sides against the little girl's cheeks. Then Mamie would wake, and they would have a grand frolic until it was time for Mamie to be dressed.

At breakfast kitty sat on a chair beside Mamie, and Mamie fed her with her own fork.

Mamie wanted her mamma to make kitty some doll's clothes, "because," as she said, "she was such a nice dolly; she was really and truly alive, and her dolls, the best of them, even if they could shut their eyes and say 'mamma,' and had curly hair and red cheeks, were only play alive."

Mamma was very kind, and made kitty a little blue bonnet with a white feather, and a little white sack, which made kitty look "so cunning," Mamie said.

Then when Mamie went to drive with mamma, she took kitty, in her finery, along with her. Mamie sat up straight and stiff, hugging kitty tightly in her arms. Kitty did not struggle, but she mewed softly, now and then, as if she were not quite happy.

One day Mamie went to walk in the fields with her mamma. She took kitty, dressed in the little bonnet and sack, in her arms.

Kitty held up her head like a proud little doll, and was quiet for some time.

By-and-by a little field mouse ran along the side of the road. In a moment kitty forgot that she was a fine lady doll. All at once, before Mamie knew what she was about, kitty jumped from her arms, and ran scampering after the mouse as fast as her four feet could carry her. The blue bonnet shook on her head, and the wind blew the white feather straight out before her. Across the road and over the fields away went kitty. The little white sack was tossed into a mud puddle, and the little blue bonnet was whirled off her head and stuck at length on the top of a last year's mullein stalk. After this they were not fit even for a kitty to wear.

When the mouse had run away, kitty came back to Mamie and followed her home.

Mamie felt so badly and coaxed so hard, that mamma, who could deny her little girl nothing, made another white sack, and another blue bonnet with a white feather for kitty.

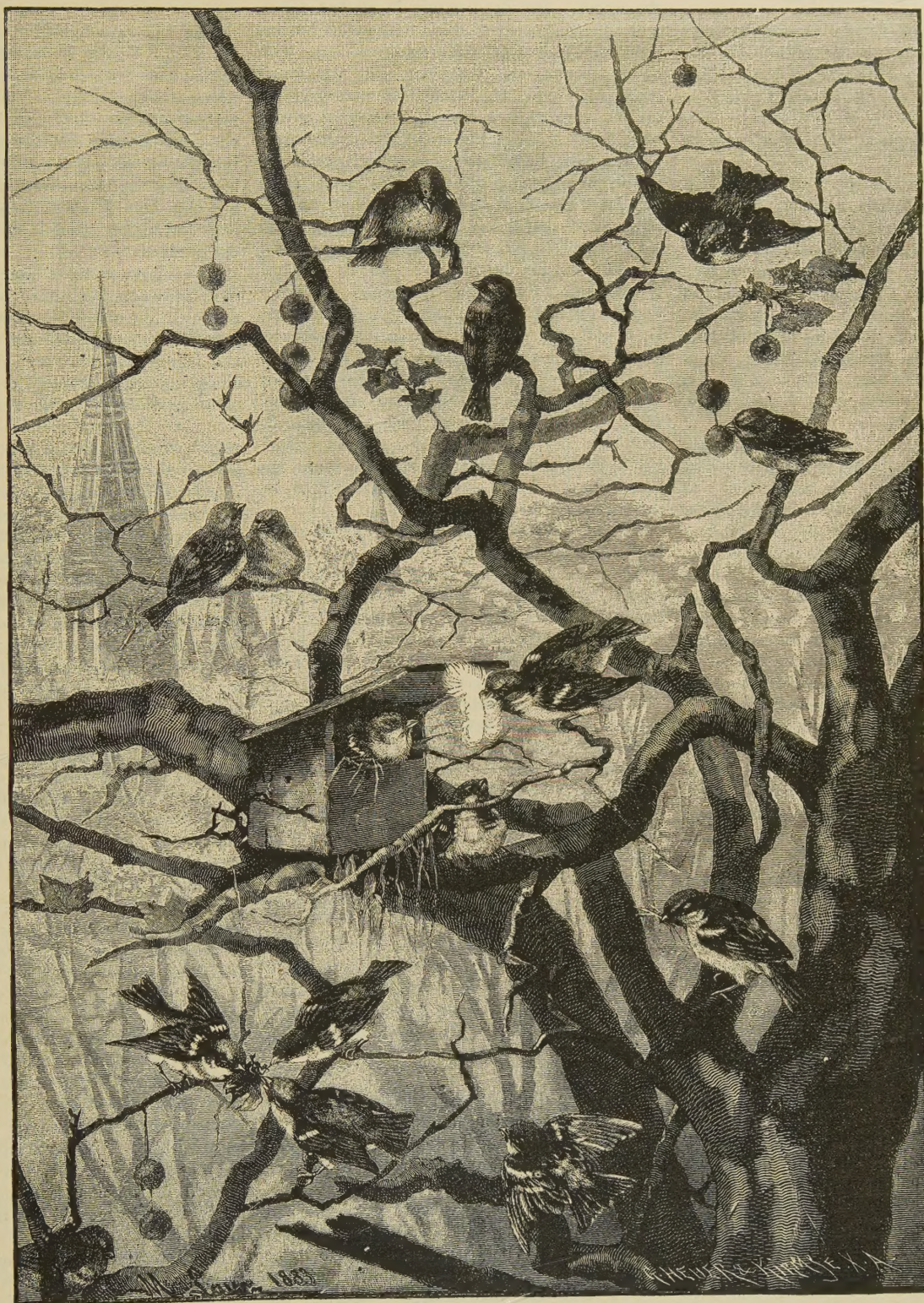
Then they all three went to walk again, this time in the streets of the town. Mamie held kitty in her arms as usual. They went slowly along, stopping every few minutes for Mamie to look in at the shop windows. At length she stopped before a large window, in which were a tall blue jar, a pile of sponges, and a great book; upon this book a gray kitty was lying.

Whether this kitty did not like to be stared at, or whether she did not like to see another kitty so nicely dressed, I do not know, but she behaved in a very ill-natured way. She showed her teeth, and put out her paw, and spit, pst! pst!

The white kitty could not brook such an insult as this. She rushed at the gray kitty, breaking the window, tearing her bonnet, and scratching her nose. They were beginning to fight when a boy in the shop stopped them, and gave Mamie her kitty.

Mamma paid for the broken window, and they went home.

Mamie was ashamed of her pet, and mamma did not think kitty deserved any more clothes. Do you?



"HOME AGAIN."

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

WHAT A LEAF-EATER CAN DO.

BY MRS. S. L. CLAYES.

Do the readers of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY know what a cockchafer is? It is a kind of beetle, and is often called the May or June bug. It has a long Latin name, too, — *Melolontha Vulgaris*, — and belongs to the family of Leaf-eaters. It is very common in England and other parts of Europe.

The winged insect has short, strong forelegs. With these it digs a hole in the ground, and fashions a nest in which it lays its eggs, and then covers up the whole with earth. From each egg there is soon hatched a fat, whitish worm an inch and a half long, with six legs, a red head, and strong claws. This little worm has a great appetite, and greedily eats the roots of plants and even trees. Now, as you know, plants cannot live when their roots are gone, and so this habit of the worm makes it very destructive. Sometimes, when there are great numbers of them together under the turf of meadows, they eat off the roots of the grass so completely that the dried top may be rolled up, just as if it had been cut with a turfing-spade. Then the soil beneath will be found to have been worked over and over by the grubs, until it has become a nice, soft mould like that of a garden-bed. In this the worms lie on their backs, with their heads and tails uppermost, and their bodies buried in the mellow soil. They live in this way for four years, when they pass into the chrysalis state.

The chrysalis is a sort of bed, or house, or coffin, whichever you will, in which all the worms that change into winged insects wrap themselves before the transformation. Sometimes they spin this covering of the finest silk, sometimes it resembles paper, and sometimes it is made of mud. After a short time the chrysalis is broken open, and the perfect cockchafer comes forth. This insect is fully an inch long, black, with a whitish down, which gives it the appearance of being powdered. The cockchafers do not live long in the perfect state, but are famous for the great mischief they have sometimes done. They once appeared upon the coast of Galway in clusters of thousands, clinging together just as bees do when they swarm. They were quiet during the day, but near sunset the whole number began to move, and the noise of their wings sounded like distant drums. There were so many that they darkened the air for several miles. You will remember that they are of the Leaf-eater family; and in a short time they had eaten all the leaves upon the trees and other plants, leaving them as bare as winter, although it was then midsummer. The noise made by them in biting the leaves was compared to the sawing of timber. Pigs and poultry ate them, and grew fat without any other food. By-and-by they disappeared so suddenly that in a few days there was not a single one left. They have also appeared in England in great numbers. At one time the river Severn was so filled with their dead bodies that the water-wheels of the mills became clogged by them.

Rooks and other birds are of much service by eating large numbers of them, and in this way checking their excessive increase.

NOTHING refines like affection. Family jarring vulgarizes, family union elevates.

SUCH A PITY!

BY LUCY FLORENCE YOUNG.

It was Saturday afternoon; and Arthur Warland leaped the fence back of his father's house and took a short cut across the field towards the woods. He loved nature in all her forms, and was going to spend this afternoon as he had spent many another, with eyes and ears wide open, learning and enjoying what the woods could teach him. He watched the ants hurrying up and down their sand-hills, or struggling with some heavy load over the sticks and dried leaves in their path; he watched the squirrels leaping so nimbly from bough to bough, and would smile happily to himself as some little fellow sat up with tail over his back, and so quickly cracked and ate his nut. He examined the oak-balls, searched into the flowers, but most of all he watched the birds and listened to their songs. He knew their notes and could imitate them so well, that he would often call a bird from some distance. Many a nest his sharp eye spied, and he climbed the trees to see how many eggs there were, or how much the little ones had grown since his last visit. But he never harmed them, and the birds seemed to know him as their friend, and treated him to a song, or hopped about at his feet. As he left the wood, and came out into the road, he saw a group of boys a few rods ahead.

"What are you looking at?" he asked as he came up to them.

The group started, for they had not heard him coming, and as they separated a little, Arthur saw at their feet a pile of dead birds.

"Are n't we pretty good shots, Arthur?" asked one boy, looking proudly at the pile. "We have killed all those this afternoon."

"This is a fine pea-shooter," said another, aiming at a robin which flew overhead.

Arthur said nothing, but stooping, picked up a little blue-bird and smoothed its pretty feathers caressingly. As he did so, the little thing opened its eyes, gasped, and lay still in his hand, dead.

"Don't you love to hear them sing? Why have you killed them?" asked Arthur, and his voice trembled.

"Why, silly, there are plenty more. We have only killed them for fun."

"There won't be plenty more if you keep on killing them. How can you be so cruel? How many have you left to die of cold and starvation by killing these?" replied Arthur, indignantly, pointing to the pile. "You don't realize what you are doing."

True, they did not. Neither do you, my boy reader, when with sling-shot, or pea-shooter, you aim at the birds, and feel proud if you hit them, or when you climb a tree and steal an egg or two to add to your "collection."

For many years we have heard a cry, now and then, that the birds were decreasing in numbers; but no one has paid much attention to it, or thought it much harm if every small boy in the country had a collection of eggs. Recently the complaint has become louder, and committees have been appointed to look up and publish the facts, and some of these facts I want to put before the readers of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

A bird's chance of life is not large. Cats catch them, squirrels and mice prey upon their eggs and young, and all the larger birds wage constant warfare upon the smaller. Many birds are killed annually by the late, cold storms; and many die during their flight southward, being overtaken by storms, and blown out to sea and drowned. The

cutting down of forests, and the draining of marshes and swamps, destroy the homes and food of many birds; even the light-houses and telegraph-wires help to destroy them. With so much to struggle against that cannot be helped, don't, boys, add to their hard fate by wantonly shooting them.

You will say that they eat our fruit and pull our corn. But it is doubtful if a single species can be named which is not more of a friend to the farmer, than an enemy. Even the crows pay him for the little corn they pull, for they feed largely on grass-hoppers, cut-worms, and other insects injurious to his crops. Hundreds of our smaller birds live almost entirely upon these creatures, and thus hold in check the enormous increase of bugs and insects which injure our trees and ruin our gardens.

In addition to the common game-birds, many song-birds are also hunted, such as the bobolink, the robin, the meadow-lark, and the blackbird.

In southern markets hundreds of wood-peckers and larger song-birds are offered for sale. All along the coast, the eggs of the terns, gulls, and other marsh-breeding birds are taken for use as food. On the coast of Texas the inhabitants devote several days each year to "egging." As soon as the birds begin to lay their eggs on the islands and beaches, all work is suspended, and every one is off for the breeding-ground. The first day is spent in smashing every egg already laid, to prevent taking any but fresh ones.

Then the hunters hide for a day, and, on the second, return and gather all the eggs the poor distressed birds have laid in the mean time. Eggs even as small as one inch in diameter are taken. Imagine the wholesale destruction and cruelty. Is it a wonder that our shore-birds are fast decreasing? Many boys take birds' eggs and claim they are doing no harm; they are making a collection. But how many of them really do any studying, or know anything beyond the number in their collection? A scientific man gathers his eggs from a large area of country and at some intervals of time, and would not take as many in a whole season as a number of you boys would gather in one morning.

Don't shoot the birds, boys, and don't steal their eggs. It is wrong, and robs yourself and others of one of the greatest pleasures God has given us, the beauty and melody of our summer songsters.

And now, girls, a word to you, and a very earnest one. There is not one of you who would not look sadly at the dead bird your brother brought home, and say, "You are a wicked boy;" or whose heart would not ache at the distressed cries of the mother-bird, as the boys climb the trees and rob her of her eggs. But what have you on your hat? You have worn birds and wings on your hats, seen them on others, and never thought of the number killed every year to trim the hats and bonnets of half the women and girls in the country.

In all parts of our land men are shooting and preparing birds, not only for our own milliners, but for foreign markets. Of course it is the largest and brightest in plumage, that are mostly sought; but the smaller birds, the beautiful orioles, tanagers, blue-birds, and golden-winged wood-peckers, are also killed for the same shameful purpose. Scarcely a bird can be named, from the plainest of the sparrows to the most gorgeous birds of our orchards and forests, from the tiniest of the humming-birds to the jays and larger wood-peckers, which you do not see on women's hats and bonnets. It is reported that forty thousand terns were killed in a single season by one party for the

hat trade; a million rails and bobolinks in a single month near Philadelphia, and ten thousand white egrets in Texas. On Long Island, during four months, seventy thousand birds were supplied to a New York milliner from a single village.

As the result of this, our birds are rapidly decreasing. Where once our shores and beaches were made attractive by their graceful motions, bright plumage, and beautiful song, now they are rarely seen. In the vicinity of New York, especially on the coast line of Long Island, the birds are entirely swept away. Cobbe Island, on the coast of Virginia, was once the most noted resort of the terns, smaller gulls, and other shore-breeding birds, but recent visitors to the island report that there are no birds there. Such has been the demand for egrets' plumes and herons', that on the southern coast and in Florida, where there were hundreds and even thousands of pairs, there are now none. "It is carefully estimated that ten times as many birds are killed annually for hat decoration, as are now in all our museums, public and private."

Such facts are saddening, and surely no intelligent, right-minded girl or woman wants this destruction of birds to go on.

Girls, I beg of you, don't wear any more birds, or parts of birds, on your hats, and use your influence to prevent your school-mates, and yes, your mothers, from wearing them also. What would our country be without the pretty songsters!

"A garden without flowers, childhood without laughter, an orchard without blossoms, a sky without color, roses without perfume, are the analogues of a country without song-birds. And our own beloved country is going straight and swift into that desert condition."

WORDS OF JOY.—A TRUE STORY.

BY CHARITY DYE.

Two cousins, Lottie Lee and Jennie Jones, lived near each other in the city of — on the Ohio River.

Like most young girls of the present day they had happy times and loved to play together. No differences ever arose to disturb the harmony existing between them. Their mothers thought it could be accounted for in the fact that they were so unlike in their natures. Lottie always laid the plans, while Jennie carried them out.

One summer Lottie went to visit an aunt across the river. The aunt had a beautiful home with grand old pictures on her walls, and story books for her little friends on her shelves. But more beautiful than all was the hearty welcome that she carried in her heart.

Lottie being imaginative, sensitive, and capable of the highest enjoyment, felt great pleasure in her aunt's welcome. The time for her return came all too soon. When she got home she tried to give Jennie some idea of her visit and the spirit of the aunt's home.

"Why, Jennie," she said, "there were words of joy on the walls."

By and by Jennie's turn came to visit the same aunt. She went filled with happy expectations created by Lottie's account of her visit. Her aunt, who was waiting for her on the veranda with the looked-for welcome, noticed that upon entering the house, Jennie looked intently at the walls. After going from room to room a look of disappointment came over the child's face. Just as the aunt was going to ask what was the matter, Jennie exclaimed in her disappointment, —

"There are no words of joy on the walls at all."

The aunt not knowing what Lottie had said, looked puzzled. Jennie then told her that Lottie said there were words of joy on the walls, and she could not see them.

The aunt at once understood the mystery, and told Jennie that the words of joy were in Lottie's heart instead of on the walls; that we often saw in the outer world just what we had in our inner thought. Whether Jennie fully understood this explanation or not, we do not know.

These two little girls represent two great classes of individuals in life. One class see only the image made on the retina of the eye; the other class see in addition the spiritual meanings of things, and name them accordingly. We will leave you to decide which is the more fortunate class.

But let us not forget to see the "words of joy" as we go through life. They are written in many faces that we meet. We see them in the sky and on the grass, the flowers, and the trees. We hear them in the song of the birds, and in the hum of the bees. The wind whispers them through the pines, and the running brook ripples them forth on its way to the sea. If we will look and listen, and feel as Lottie did, we shall hear all Nature echoing "words of joy."

COURAGE.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is said that every man has the "defects of his qualities." Dignity casts the shadow of pride; tenderness is associated with weakness; rashness is the flaw on the metal of courage. In a perfect manhood the virtues are all seen without these attending shadows or damaging defects. In the passage so often misapplied, where Jesus says, "Narrow is the gate, and straitened the way that leadeth to life," the great Teacher had in mind the simple fact that each virtue of a holy character is to be found in that narrow path which lies between excess on the one side, and deficiency on the other. Apply this to courage. Lack of forethought spoils bravery by turning it into rashness. The brave man walks fearlessly in the light that shows him where the peril lies; but the bold man, "blinded by excess of light," knows not where the dangers are. On the other hand, too much forecasting of the future leads to a defective courage, which is as powerless for good as the excess that leads to rashness. In the well-known soliloquy in Hamlet, this defect is strikingly pictured for us in the words: —

"And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought [that is, anxious forethought],
And enterprises of great pith and moment
Then lose the power of action."

Courage, like every other virtue, is to be sought in the middle course, — the path that is always safest, but never easiest, — "and few there be that find it."

WE are all apt to pin our faith on some trusted guide, and many of us, in these days, will follow some teacher of negations with an implicit submission which we refuse to give to Jesus Christ. We put the teacher between ourselves and God, and give to the glowing colors of the painted window the admiration that is due to the light which shines through it.

WE aim above the mark to hit the mark.

Teachers' Department.

OUR QUESTION-BOX.

What would you say of a minister who antagonized his Sunday-school and depreciated similar work?

Nothing; but write him down, Sinister.

Ought teachers to be obliged to get substitutes in case of absence?

It is by all means better to have this habit prevail in a school, than to trust to the Sunday's chances. The worry of making the vacancy good ought not to be thrust on the Superintendent. Besides, does it show an interested and earnest spirit for a teacher to go away without at least trying to find a substitute? Sunday-school labors are conducted on the co-operative system, and it behooves each partner to do his best for the organization.

Do you advise the establishment of Infant Departments as distinguished from classes?

Yes, whenever the number of such young pupils warrants a division, and if the facilities of room and the availability of the right teacher are provided. Many schools are so composed as to require the class-divisions; but to be able to take the very young, after the general exercises, into separate and special conditions, with object lessons and songs and talks, is to do good work. We venture to suggest to our correspondent, and to any one desiring information on this branch of instruction, that they inquire into the methods and results of the Infant Department of the Leominster Sunday-School, conducted by Miss Nellie B. Pierce. It is a large and flourishing flower-garden.

What is your idea of the character and uses of a Sunday-school library?

This is a large question for a small box. But, briefly, this is our reply, baldly put to save space. We believe in having Sunday-school libraries. They should be carefully stocked under the guiding law of moral and religious selection. Outside of mission-schools boys and girls have all kinds of ordinary literature; the Sunday-school library ought to have an individuality of its own, and not consist chiefly of books, duplicates of which exist in every home. There are many volumes embodying great lessons of character and life and duty, which are not sermonic and heavy. The bulk of this collection should be for the younger scholars; as a rule the older ones decline to draw books because they have so much to read from other sources. There ought to be a teachers' section, containing reference books and aids to teaching.

Do you like the mixture of adult and juvenile matter in EVERY OTHER SUNDAY?

It is partly a good theory, and partly a matter of necessity. Parents and teachers should keep acquainted with the paper read by their children and pupils, — a household thing. We cannot sustain two kinds; and this form seems to be the wisest compromise. When we cannot do what we would, then we must do what we can.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL INTELLIGENCE.

ANNIVERSARY WEEK is at hand, and the usual May meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society is announced to take place in the Second Church, Boylston Street, at 2 P.M. of Thursday, May 27. An attractive list of speakers is promised, including his Excellency Governor Robinson, Colonel Carroll D. Wright, Rev. S. R. Calthrop, and Mr. J. O. Norris.

A MEETING of Lady Teachers of Unitarian Sunday-schools is to be held on Tuesday, May 25, at 3 P.M., in the parlors of the Second Church. Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells will preside. Brief introductory papers will be read on the Graded and the One-Topic Systems of Teaching, by Miss Lucia Peabody and Mrs. A. B. Winsor. All our lady teachers are invited, and an interesting and profitable conference is anticipated.

WE are glad to hear of one of our Unitarian Sunday-school superintendents, who has been in office for over twenty years. We refer to Mr. George A. Parkhurst, who writes that "this long association with fresh young lives has proved both a physical and a spiritual *elixir of life*."

THE closing meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-School Union was held, at the usual place, Monday evening, May 17. We shall give a report of the meeting in our next number.

A LOAN LIBRARY OF REFERENCE BOOKS FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

MANY of our Sunday-school teachers will be glad to learn that the Directors of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society will open in the Society's book-room, in the new Unitarian Building, a Loan Library of Reference Books. These books can be consulted at the room, free of charge, by any teacher. If they are taken away, a charge of five cents a week is made. No book is to be kept longer than two weeks at a time. If the books are sent to teachers, those applying for them must pay the postage or expressage.

"VOICES FOR THE SPEECHLESS."¹

WE welcome, as specially timely, a new and enlarged edition of this excellent volume of selections, in which the duty of kindness to animals is clearly recognized or distinctly taught. Mr. Abraham Firth, the compiler, has done good service in other ways to the cause of humanity toward man's "poor relations." But this carefully prepared book of over three hundred and seventy pages is an agent for the prevention of cruelty, which the author can send in a thousand directions on its errand of mercy. It is just the book to be used in preparing for the public exercises of a Sunday-school, and we would earnestly recommend that one or more of these beautiful poems and eloquent prose passages be recited at every Sunday-school concert. But apart from such public uses of the volume, the book has great value as showing how much of the best English literature deals with "the brute creation." Among famous English poets whose writings are many times quoted, are Burns, Byron, Robert Browning, Mrs.

¹ VOICES FOR THE SPEECHLESS. Selections for Schools and Private Reading. By Abraham Firth. New and Enlarged Edition. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886.

Browning, Coleridge, Cowper, Goldsmith, Jean Ingelow, Milton, Pope, Scott, Shakspeare, Shelley, Tennyson, and Wordsworth; while of American poets, the names of Bryant, Emerson, Holmes, Longfellow, and Lowell are of frequent occurrence. We hope these rich and musical "Voices" may be heard far and wide pleading in behalf of "the speechless" against the inhumanity of man.

In order to aid in the circulation of the book, Mr. Firth has sent to the office of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society a number of copies of the first edition to be donated to Sunday-school libraries which may apply therefor. But we would advise our schools to put into their libraries a copy of the new and enlarged edition which can be had of the Sunday-School Society for seventy-five cents a copy, postage free.

J. MASON EVERETT.

By the recent death of Mr. J. MASON EVERETT of Canton, the Unitarian Sunday-School Society has lost a valuable officer. Mr. Everett was for many years the faithful and efficient Treasurer of the Society. He was deeply interested in the education of the young in the public schools as in Sunday-schools, was a devoted and public-spirited citizen, and an active member of the Unitarian Church. Such men as he make the world better, and leave the precious legacy of a good example.

At the April meeting of the Board of Directors of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, the following resolutions were unanimously passed:—

Whereas, by the death of J. MASON EVERETT we have lost from our membership one for a long time associated with the work of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society,—

Resolved, That we hereby express our appreciation of his constant interest in all efforts for moral and religious education; of his loyalty to the denominational cause; of his good judgment and faithfulness in the conduct of the affairs of our society.

Resolved, That we recall with pleasure our relations with him in the past years, and we feel a personal sorrow in realizing their termination. He was an agreeable associate, with traits of character that won our esteem and friendship.

Resolved, That the Secretary be instructed to communicate these resolutions to Mrs. Everett, with the sincere sympathy of this Board.

Our Book Table.

NOTE.—Books noticed in this column will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Send orders to UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY, 7 Tremont Place, Boston, Mass.

CLASS B.

Books for Intermediate Pupils.

THE STORY OF CHALDEA, FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE RISE OF ASSYRIA. (Treated as a general introduction to the study of ancient history.) By Zénaïde A. Ragozin. Profusely illustrated. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. 381. Price, \$1.50.

This delightfully written book (the fourth in the series "The Story of the Nations") leaves one in an uncomfortable uncertainty as to whether M. Ragozin has really got through with his story-telling, or is going to give us another volume. The dedication of the book seems to

hint at such a possibility, but a careful search of the title-pages does not reveal any such intention on the part of the publishers; and yet, some way, we are not quite content. We want to hear more of the Chaldeans, and we are quite sure M. Ragozin can tell a great deal more. He has written the book with great care, explaining all matters that need it in a manner unusually clear, and the illustrations are fine; but we wish he had had a more careful proof-reader. Many of the references to the cuts are numbered wrong, and there is now and then a mistake in a word that is evidently to be laid at that same careless individual's door.

THREE MARTYRS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Studies from the lives of Livingston, Gordon, and Patteson. By the author of "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family." New York: Dodd, Mead, & Company. pp. 315. Price, \$1.00.

In this nineteenth century of intense materialism and wide-spread doubt, it is something to know that there have been three men, of by no means commonplace ability, who despised worldly honors and emoluments, and gave their lives a sacrifice for the enlightenment and regeneration of this world. Whatever doctrinal phases of the Christian religion they subscribed to, it is evident that they had the spirit and lived the life of the Master, and no one can read the story of their lives without feelings of aspiration. To give all, and yet feel that nothing has been given; to ascribe all honor of success to God who is Creator; to spend their lives for the oppressed and despised, full of an infinite pity; to be careless of misunderstandings and forgetfulness on the part of those who should have supported them; to accept all things with the unquestioning faith of a child; to work always for, one high ideal, the suppression of a monstrous wrong,—all these they did. What does it matter if they ascribed to Christ the power we deem belongs only to God? They were living examples of what Christ wanted us all to be, and the contemplation of such lives can but work us good. Let every good Sunday-school library contain the book.

WHICH of us, that is a father, is not glad at his children's gifts, even though they be purchased with his own money, and be of little use? They mean love, so they are precious. And God, in like manner, gladly accepts what we bring, even though it be love chilled by selfishness, and faith broken by doubt, and submission crossed by self-will.

If you would not be known to do anything, never do it.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

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